The Bystander, May 18, 1921. No. 911. Vol. LXX.

# The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

## DOVE FANCIERS

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

**COLISEUM.** (Ger. 7540) 2.30 and 7.45.
DENIS NEILSON TERRY in "THE CROWN DIAMOND," THE DANISH DANCERS, MURIEL GEORGE & ERNEST BUTCHER, WALTER WILLIAMS & GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, "DREAM STARS," Etc.

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# THE GRAPHIC

Price ONE SHILLING.

## The Military Tournament

Drawn by GILBERT HOLIDAY.

## THE CHARABANC CRAZE

By DONALD MAXWELL.

## The Ex-Kaiser in "German" Brazil?

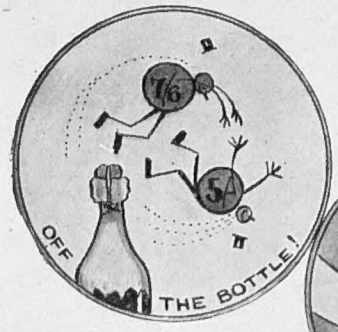
By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

HOW THE KING OF SIAM BROKE OFF HIS BETROTHAL.

*The Graphic* is readable from Cover to Cover.

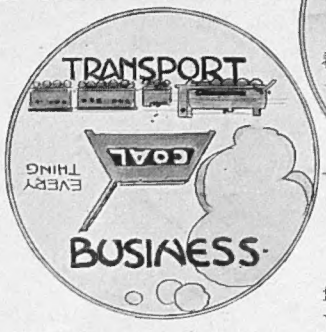
Ready Thursday, May 19.

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

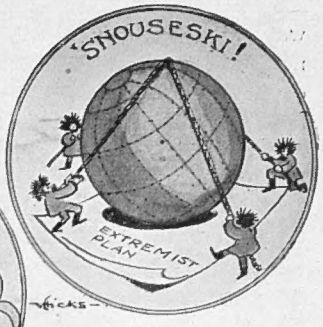



Champagne is cheaper, we read, to-day

The Crown Prince is here from Japan




Things have been rather upset of late




By Victor Hicks

As the world *won't* turn on the Bolshie plan!

## Our "Waterloo"

THE Paris *Gaulois* suggests that, as a graceful concession to the spirit of the *Entente Cordiale*, we should change the name of Waterloo Station. If it would really please our gallant Ally I would change the name of every station in the British Isles. Whatever they were called they would sound the same as shouted out by the British porter. But does the *Gaulois* realise that even if we changed the name of "Waterloo," we should still call it "Waterloo," just as we still talk of the "Old Bailey"? Moreover, Waterloo Station is a place where all Englishmen are utterly defeated many times a day. Waterloo is the great Railway Mystery. No one ever knows where a train is really going to when it leaves Waterloo. The engine-drivers make up their minds somewhere about Clapham Junction, and then you trust to luck. There are stations where the gentlemen in uniform about the place have a very fair guess as to where you should make a start for your destination. But never at Waterloo. The casual English traveller meets his "Waterloo" at Waterloo every time.

## An Unnecessary Change

THEN, again, in his desperate fight in this vast place to find out where he is and where he ought to be, the Englishman never thinks of the comparative simplicity of the little battle-field outside Brussels. Before he has arrived, driving up terrible hills, at the wrong entrance to the station, he has probably packed his Gladstone bag—has probably even spoken of his "Gladstone"—but the Right Hon. W. E. G. never occurred to his mind during the maddening process. Who thinks of Sir Robert Peel when he talks of a Bobby? Who thinks of Nelson when he gets out of the Tube at Trafalgar Square or gets on or off a bus there? No one—not even the policeman who uses the lions as a cloak-room for his mackintosh cape. Waterloo Station, Waterloo Bridge, and Waterloo Hotels and Waterloo lots of things were no doubt at one time a little bit of a "swank." But to change these "Waterloos" into something else to-day would really be "rubbing it in." It would revive entirely forgotten things.

## "The King Kept Waiting"

THIS was a headline I saw in a daily paper last week. I went on to read that his Majesty arrived at Victoria Station to meet the Crown Prince of Japan rather more than fifteen minutes before the Crown Prince's train came in. If this were really the case it is quite an extraordinary thing—although it was only a matter of fifteen minutes. I have seen Royal and Presidential functions all over the world, and here, at home, is the only place where it is safe absolutely to bank on the official programme. The

THE DAILY GRIND

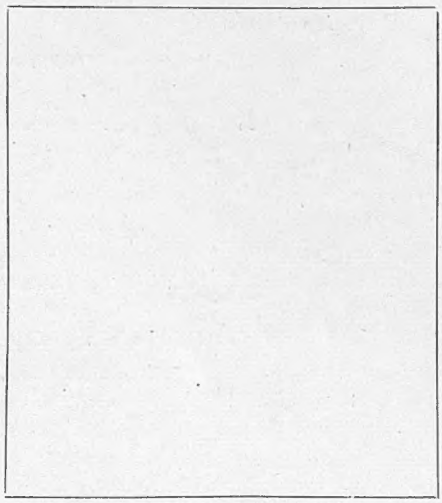
By Fred Buchanan

A "clique" of nations that is leaving no stone unturned for—WAR

way things here are run to the minute and the yard must be the admiration and despair of European capitals—perhaps I ought to have said "must have been," for so many of those capitals are now deprived of Royal functions. Ours still run so well that a few minutes off the programme attract comment.

### Collided with the Kaiser

MANY people might naturally think that in pre-war Berlin, when the ex-Kaiser was at his zenith, such functions would be stage-managed to the very last degree of perfection. But it was not so. More than once I have seen them break down lamentably. Once I saw the ex-Kaiser kept waiting a full forty minutes—and very ungraciously he stood it. It was when Theodore Roosevelt was making his wonderful tour of Europe after his great African hunting expedition. He had arrived in Berlin. He was to deliver his address to the Berlin University. The hour fixed was ten in the morning. Knowing exactly where my seat was in the University Hall—a gangway seat just inside the entrance door—I arrived just before the hour. And thus I almost collided with the Kaiser.



A ——— CHECK

**What British industry will owe to the Coal Trade in the unlikely event of a revival of business**

### The Royal Gathering

AFTER the Kaiser and an academic person, who turned out to be the Head of the University of Berlin, had taken up their position at the end of the ante-room the Royal *entourage* began to appear. First, but a long way after, came the ex-Kaiserin, then came a bunch of Royal princes and princesses, conducted by less important academic gentlemen. They took up their positions in a horse-shoe form on either side the great ex-William II, a considerable space dividing him from those nearest him on either side. The stage was set. The time for Roosevelt's appearance had past. It kept on passing.

### Roosevelt At Last!

IT kept on passing for about forty minutes. No one said a word. William tapped his foot on the floor and his face grew darker and darker. His wife and his princes and their princesses and their academic supporters grew every moment more like a group in Madame Tussaud's. A moment came when I thought poor William would explode. At long last, however, a cheery noise came up the broad staircase. In a moment there was a dazzling flash of teeth and eyeglasses—behind which stood Theodore Roosevelt. There was also the American Ambassador, and others who did not really seem to be there.

### Singular Greeting

WILLIAM really looked blacker than ever. I know he could not understand this cheeriness forty minutes late. Nor did Teddy go straight up to him with apologies and regrets. He stopped at the first Prince and Princess and shook hands with them, and gave each of them one of his very first-class smiles—and so he did with all the rest until he reached the ex-great-ex. Teddy did not shake hands with him. No, he was feeling far "too good." He smacked him on the shoulder and said something which I did not hear, but which probably started with "De-lighted."

### "Kill Him on the Spot!"

WILLIAM'S face was a great study. As I saw it looking over Roosevelt's left shoulder it wore an expression I can only compare with that which I once saw on the face of a very native Indian Rajah, who, eating nothing and drinking nothing, had his turban knocked off by a busy, but hustled, waiter one Saturday night at a Savage Club dinner. "Kill him on the spot!" was the only interpretation. But William could act. When Theodore had finished his smack on the back, and in a second they were face to face, the ex-Kaiser's countenance was wreathed in smiles—he seized Roosevelt's hand—and I dodged through the now wide open door into the University Hall.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

**KULTUR"-ED PEARLS**

### Why "First-Class"?

IF M.P.'s are to have their salaries free of income tax at our expense, why not their food and

By E. T. Reed

DEVICE FOR THE MUCH NEEDED RELIEF OF ROYALTY

Why not collect all addresses, *en passant* (like the mails), in *baskets* specially fitted for the purpose, to all State *landaus*, etc.

clothes and rent and their children's school and college expenses ? If their wages really ought to be bigger, let them increase them. We cannot stop them. But, in these days, to set up a privileged class free from the most oppressive tax that history has known, and that class being the men who vote this killing taxation, is, on the face of it, a criminal blunder. And if they are to travel free, why first-class ? Very few of their constituents can afford to travel first-class. Until M.P.'s show a greater reluctance to carry on their jobs as M.P.'s I think we may assume they are sufficiently paid. But " first-class."—no—let them mix with us.

### Why Not?

The Royal Academy has done so much to attract attention this year that I am surprised they have not borrowed the portraits of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill from the National Liberal Club cellars. They would be a great draw.

### Aldershot—and the Moral

Nothing could be more alien to the type of man who belongs to the General Reserve than last week's unhappy rioting in Aldershot. That town is not the most cheerful place in which to spend any length of time, but to smash up the few shops it contains is hardly the way to make existence there any more tolerable. After a few more of these disturbances I trust the public will begin to realise that the Bolshevic menace is no more an old wives' tale than was the German danger in the years preceding the War. Readers of these columns will understand that The Bystander has done its best to make the danger known. Those efforts will be continued. Meanwhile, I await the result of the Aldershot investigations.

# WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

COL. GEORGE HARVEY—

**The new American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, on his arrival at Southampton on board the Cunarder "Aquitania" last week. Col. Harvey is a politician of considerable experience and a great friend of President Harding**

—AND MRS. HARVEY

**Who came over with her husband from America. Mrs. Harvey, as wife of the new Ambassador, will probably entertain a great deal this season—strikes permitting**

### Chesterfield House

THE fine old house at the bottom of South Audley Street to which the Crown Prince of Japan has gone on the conclusion of his visit to the King at Buckingham Palace, had its most brilliant moments under two commercial potentates. In the 'eighties it belonged to the Magniacs, then omnipotent in the City. There, and at Colworth their place near Bedford, they entertained in princely fashion. One of the big financial crashes in the City brought their reign to an end.

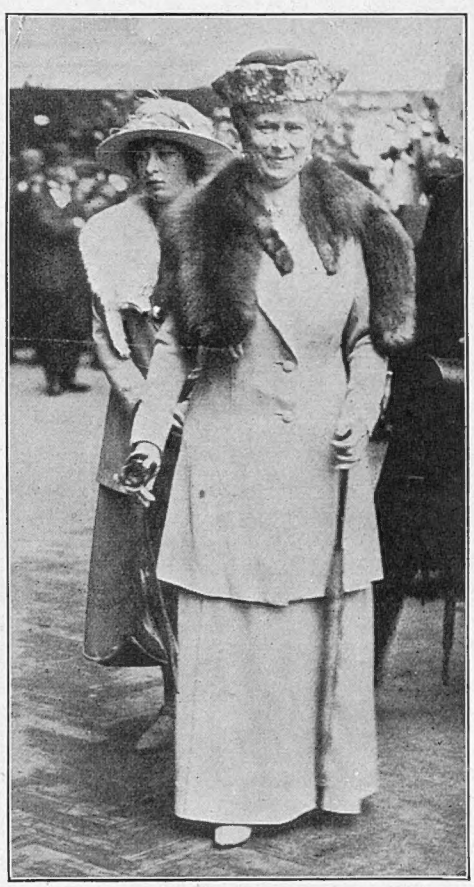
Later Lord Burton renewed something of the old glories, but his daughter, the present Lady Burton, found the great house more of a burden than a pleasure, and it now belongs to Lord Lascelles who inherited part of the vast fortune left by the eccentric Marquis of Clanricarde, the recluse of the Albany, who bought pictures but no new clothes.

### Then and Now

THE dinner given by the Government at London House to the Crown Prince of Japan reminds one that the last heir to a throne to be entertained in that great abode was the ex-German Crown Prince. London House was then Stafford House and still under the hospitable sway of the lady known so long as Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and now Lady Millicent Hawke.

The exile in the Dutch mud flats was then a very popular person in London, and the ball given for him at Stafford House was the *clou* of a brilliant season. The balcony over the pillared entrance was covered in with an awning, and under that awning the then hope of the Hohenzollerns heard some winged words because of his behaviour to a lady.

"If we were in Germany I would have you shot for speaking to me like this," he gibbered to the man who was "dressing him down."



*Photographs* *L. N. A.*

THE QUEEN AMONGST THE TULIPS

**Her Majesty with Princess Mary visited the Royal Horticultural Society's Tulip Show last week and among the visitors were Lord Lambourne, the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Maidstone and Lady Astor. The heat inside was terrific; even the flowers commenced to droop**

"We are in England," was the rejoinder, "and you can think yourself d——d lucky you haven't been horsewhipped and thrown out of the house!"

### Oh, Not to be in Ireland Now

THERE has been much fluttering and no little anger because of the hints thrown out by the powers that be that it would be wiser for certain families to remain on this side of the Irish Channel instead of going, as they had proposed, to their Irish properties.

We always assume that our authorities are blind and deaf, but I have heard they know of a list on which certain names are marked. Those people have been told that adequate protection cannot be afforded, and they had better stay where they are.

The murder of Sir Arthur Vicars and the burning of Lord Listowel's house are signs and portents that the powers are not talking out of the top of their heads, or are merely "alarmist." What would have been the fate of Lord and Lady Listowel, I wonder, if they had been at Convanmore instead of at quaint old Kingston House in Princes' Gate?

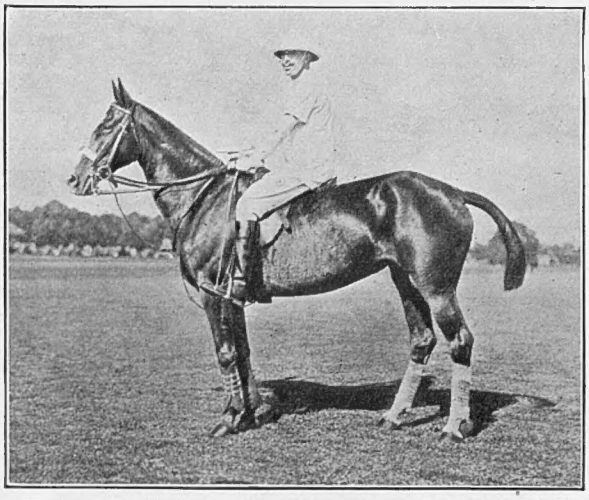
### Gloomy Forebodings

CHAMPAGNE may have come down 5*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* a bottle, but that is not going to make any difference to a season which, unless something resembling a miracle happens, will scarcely be a season at all.

Americans were due in their legions, but I hear that our troubles are causing anxious enquiries at the shipping offices on the "other side." People are more inclined to pessimism just now than I have known for a long time. It's due very largely to the uncomfortable knowledge that with closing factories and all sorts of industries held up for want of coal, dividends for the rest of the year will be microscopic or non-existent.

And here's a point one hadn't thought about. At a dinner the other evening a lady was grumbling because the French exchange had gone down just as she was starting for Paris. "But it means all the difference to me," said another lady. "I have £30,000 invested in France, and the dividends—I hadn't any during the War—are paid in francs."

There's a good deal of English money invested in France, so the more the exchange drops the more money comes over in dividends — which is not unpleasing to those who receive them.



*Photograph* *W. A. Rouch*

**A ROYAL POLO PLAYER**

**The King of Spain photographed in polo kit. He intends to play a great deal this season at Hurlingham and Ranelagh**

### Which Was the Bird?

THERE is a certain great dame who is notoriously unpunctual. It is said that early in their married life her

*Photograph* *G.P.U.*

**AT THE GUILDHALL**

**The Crown Prince of Japan was presented with the Freedom of the City at the Guildhall last Wednesday. At the banquet can be seen the Duke of York, the Crown Prince of Japan, the Lord Mayor, the Prince of Wales and Prince Kan-in**

## PRINCE HIROHITO IN ENGLAND

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**LEAVING WINDSOR GUILDHALL**

**The Crown Prince, with the Prince of Wales, leaving Windsor Guildhall after receiving an address from the Mayor**

*Photograph* *L.N.A.*

**KING GEORGE AND THE CROWN PRINCE**

**The King driving with the Crown Prince of Japan on his arrival at Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace**

*WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)*

husband, wishing to be in time for an important function, told her the time was half an hour earlier than it actually was. On that occasion the lady *was* punctual. Such was her annoyance that she has never been punctual since.

A little while ago she was dining with a young man who would have made a considerable figure in the world which entertains this season if there had been a proper season. Knowing her little weakness he gave her a quarter of an hour, and then, as there was still no lady, went down with his guests to dinner. They were just finishing their fish when the dining-room door was flung open. "The Marchioness of ——," announced the butler.

"Ah!" said my lady Marchioness, gazing at the company, "I see! Here are the early worms!"

### Bad Taste

I'VE come to the conclusion that it would be an excellent thing if heirs to big fortunes and position who come into their heritage in childhood or early youth were not allowed full control by Act of Parliament until they reached the age of thirty.

A man, of course, may do what he likes with his own, but there's a prodigious difference between what a boy in the early twenties and a man of thirty does with that own. And it is odd, too, how even in the most nobly born the taste of the young sometimes runs to what would be considered an outside effort on the part of a *nouveau riche*.

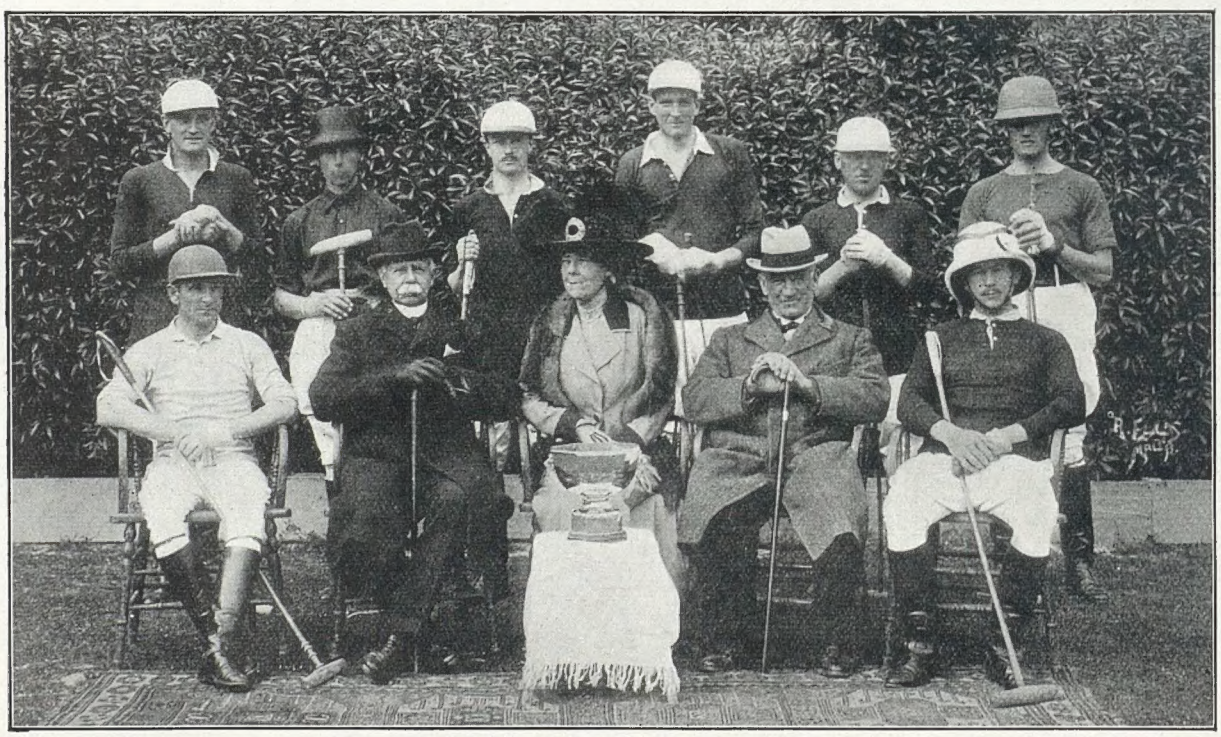
These reflections are bred of a house which has recently been "done up" by a young man of fortune and degree. Crystal balusters on the staircase, gold mosaic in the bathrooms—of which there is one to every two bedrooms—white satin eiderdowns on all the beds, everything on the same note, with footmen, in irreproachable livery, galore, suggest the abode of a Marquis of Carabbas or newly-enriched *industriel*.

A rude old gentleman staying there said to his young host, who is immensely pleased with his dwelling, "I want a drink. May I ring for the waiter?"

And it's odd! This is not the only instance in which the unfettered youth of the truly noble has outpassed the newest "newly" in interior decoration that would make a restaurant-keeper green with envy.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN SCULPTRESS

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, an exhibition of whose work is now on view at the McLean Gallery. "The Awakening" is typical of the rugged, forceful character she infuses into her work



*Photograph*] POLO IN MALTA—ARMY *v.* NAVY [*L. E. A*

The Rundle Polo Cup competed for annually by Navy and Army teams at Malta was this year won by the latter, five goals to two. Reading from left to right (top row): Capt. S. B. Rawlins, M.C., R.A., Lt.-Comdr. E. Hastings, Capt. M. N. T. Gubbins, O.B.E., M.C., R.A., Lt.-Comdr. V. Wyndham-Quin, Capt. R. A. Gooderidge, O.B.E., R.A.V.C., Lt.-Comdr. H. S. Bowlby. Bottom row: Comdr. H. de Burgh, His Ex. F.-M. Lord Plumer, The Lady Plumer, Admiral Sir John de Robeck, Bart., and Lt.-Col. R. F. Guy, C.M.G., D.S.O.

# The Rebel Maid at the Empire

By "JINGLE"
*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.*

WILLIAM CROMWELL AS SEPTIMUS BUNCLE

BETTY CHESTER AS ABIGAIL

THIS is a glittering kaleidoscope of colour, music, and romance. Also a little mild fun. We are taken back to 1688, the year in which William of Orange landed at Torbay in order to become king of England. But, as we learnt in our schooldays, King James happened to be occupying the throne at the time, and he not unnaturally resented the growing popular sentiment in favour of his rival. At the beginning of this piece, therefore, we find His Majesty sending Sir Stephen Crespigny to Devonshire as Commissioner, with full powers to hang or otherwise maltreat all the rebels he can catch in the act. This appointment involves a brave show of the military of the period, with their gaudy red coats and flowing skirts, and incidentally brings on the stage stately ladies with their fashionable, low-cut frocks that make the present-day V hardly worth a second glance. There is some very fine singing in the piece, notably by Mr. Thorpe Bates and Miss Clara Butterworth. It may be that the singers get just a little too much of the limelight, with the result that here and there the story loses cohesion. Yet, as this is not a mere musical comedy, but a Light Opera, it may be only right and proper that the music should have pride of place.

AFTER an elaborate opening chorus we get a duet about 1688, gracefully rendered by Miss Madeleine Spicer and Mr. Charles Chamier. One of these days, perhaps, someone will make a song about 1921, but he will have to write it with a pretty blunt pencil. Then Sir Stephen Crespigny arrives, and at once falls in love with Lady Mary Trefusis. Of course, he does not know it, but the fact is that Lady Mary is no other than the Rebel Maid. She is all for William

and nix for James ; and Sir Stephen ought to be thinking more about hanging her than of marrying the girl. Then Derek Lanscombe, the hero, strides on. He, too, is a Rebel, being in command of a cutter that sails to and fro giving William all the latest news. (There was no Continental *Daily Mail* in those days.) Having come back home once more, he deals with the fact in a nice cheery song, which is rendered with a fine swing by Mr. Thorpe Bates, who takes the part. Then Derek sees Lady Mary, and recalls the fact that the last time he saw her she was only a freckled flapper, while she is now a grown woman, and the freckles have, presumably, vanished, as I understand that the ordinary theatrical make-up box does not include freckle mixture. Thereupon, Lady Mary (Miss Clara Butterworth) sings delightfully of sunshine and laughter, and after this taste of her musical quality we are, naturally, anxious for another of the same. A little later, Lady Mary takes her share in a quartette with a gavotte tacked on to the end of it, and when we come to report progress we find the story of the piece is still just about where it started.

THEN we have Mr. Walter Passmore, who is Solomon Hooker, the body-servant of Derek the Rebel ; and, with his arrival on the scene, things naturally begin to brighten up a bit. He is ordered to set out on a dangerous mission, but before he starts there is, of course, the inevitable song. So he mentions, in nicely measured tones, that the mission will mean trouble for him, and the leader of the orchestra takes the hint. Song, " Trouble for Me," by Walter Passmore. I did not gather that the song had very much to do with the story, but it was a very welcome flash of humour. Solomon then meets Abigail, who, as her name implies, is a Serving Maid. This part is taken in a most sprightly manner by Miss Betty Chester, who seems to be enjoying herself mightily throughout the piece, and who manages with a welcome success to share her high spirits with us. She has a very quaint duet with Mr. Passmore, " When We Get Back to Dorset," which is set to a fascinating melody, though here, again, the song does not advance the action of the piece very much. Indeed, one or two of the songs, charming though they be, seem to have much in common with the justly celebrated flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la ! since they have nothing to do with the case.

BETTY CHESTER AS ABIGAIL
WALTER PASSMORE AS SOLOMON HOOKER.

THORPE BATES AS DEREK LANSCOMBE.

CLARA BUTTERWORTH AS LADY MARY

THE second act opens with a fine rich noise. The scene is that of " The Jolly Fishermen " Inn, and the fishermen are very jolly indeed. Much of their delight

is derived from the fact that they have sent King James's soldiers away on a wrong scent. Thus, the only real bit of action that has happened so far is lost to us because it has taken place "off." Mr. Passmore celebrates the occasion with a song bearing the informative title of "Ho, ho, Diddle dum!" which is rendered in a fine uproarious way that raises the audience to a very high pitch of enthusiasm. It is really a tremendous piece of nonsense, admirably presented in every way. Presently it does look as if something were going to happen. We have news that William's fleet is in the offing, or immediately adjacent thereunto, and it is the duty of the Rebel Maid to rush to the inn and expose a red light to show that the signals are against the invading army. But just as the Rebel Maid is about to hang up the lamp on which the safety of the sacred cause depends, she finds in an oaken chest an old-fashioned cloak hallowed by tender memories. Consequently,

MDV BLANCHE AS LADY ELIZABETH WESTON

song, "The Old-Fashioned Cloak," by Miss Clara Butterworth.

BUT the lamp is hung up at last, and, as the poet said, on the right you see the red light. Then one of Sir Stephen Crespigny's minions comes in and puts a green light in place of the red, and that very nearly queers the Orange pitch. Derek the Rebel, mistaking the signal, sails into the harbour, and walks into the inn, only to find himself in the hands of King James's soldiery. The singing at once becomes fast and furious. Derek takes it for granted that the Rebel Maid has gone back on him, and tries to sing her explanation down; but she sings back at him just as fiercely, while well-meaning friends on both sides fling in a bar or two now and then just by way of doing their bit, and the chorus barges in between the rounds in order to keep the ring. As a musical expression of riotous behaviour it is very finely done, and the curtain falls on the second act to applause that is positively tumultuous.

IN the third act, as the experienced playgoer will have suspected, everything comes right. Indeed, people tell me that it is a historical fact that William of Orange landed safely in due course, so that I am betraying no confidence in stating that that is what happens at the end of this piece. Before that, however, there are, naturally, more songs. Mr. Thorpe Bates renders finely a stirring ballad, "The Fishermen of England," and Mr. Passmore is in very good form with his song, "The Knifegrinder."

CLARA BUTTERWORTH AS LADY MARY

HAYDEN COFFIN AND DAISY REVETT.

THE opera itself is the work of Mr. Montague Phillips, while the "book" is by Mr. Alexander M. Thompson, once known to the nobility and gentry as "Dangle," our only dramatic critic. Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, whom it was good to see again, gives a graceful performance as an old-time English peer, and contributes usefully to the distinction of a very charming romance. JINGLE

# Truths and Trifles

By Victor Hicks

EXTRACT FROM DICK'S DIARY: "THIS SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME!"

## "A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE . . . . !"

[*" Those who trifle at golf; who fluff and finkle; who really hardly know how to tee their caddie . . .," was the ominous opening adopted by the writer of a recent article in a contemporary.*]

In "tiger country," gorse, or "rough,"
Golfers are often known to fluff,
For this is quite a common habit—
The sign and hallmark of the "rabbit."

Others, more gifted with resource,
Who may have wandered from the course,
Know, it appears, a better wrinkle—
They do not merely fluff, they "finkle."

But, personally, I'm afraid,
When I play rather worse than Braid;
Or miss (a thing I cannot pardon)
The sort of putt that worries Vardon;

Or fall a prey to melancholy
Because I do not drive like Tolley;
Or feel life growing sadder, staler,
Because I cannot "pitch" like Taylor.

When, as I say, such things occur,
If hired menials dare to stir
Or smile behind their hands (I'm faddy!),
I do not tee, I "D" THE CADDIE!

E. L. Roberts

By H. Mallalieu

DEVIL WORSHIP

"Do you love your enemies, Ethel?"
"Oh! yes, sir"
"And who are your enemies?"
"Er, the Devil——"

## From Our Pessimist

The Government is now experimenting with a new super-aeroplane. I understand the time and place of its first trial flight will be announced later as an act of courtesy to foreign spies in this country.

* * * *

The arrival of the cuckoo is reported from several districts. We ourselves saw one on a cold windy day last week—he was wearing a straw hat.

* * * *

According to a morning paper an engineer has recently invented a net through which no submarine can penetrate. We have since heard that he is now at work on a patent contrivance which, when fixed to a submarine, will cut the net to pieces.

# Market Movements

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A RISE IN RICE

THE MAN WHO COULD HAVE GOT

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

TWICE THE MONEY IN HALF THE TIME

# Wagner Up to Date

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THOSE who are coming out from home this spring and summer to enjoy the pleasures of a cosmopolitanised Cologne or a completely Parisianised Wiesbaden, to ply the rod on the well-stocked streams of Agger and Aar, or to dream of robber barons and Rhine maidens in old-world Rhineside villages, all under Allied management, must expect a shock. In spite of several people (including the Editor of THE BYSTANDER) having told the sad truth as to the amicable relationship of the Rhinelander with ourselves, from the Press in general, both here and at home, one derives the impression that we take an arrogant delight in rubbing it in, while the whole of Rhineland seethes with resentment.

INTELLIGENT females still write and ask one what badge the British authorities provide as a protection against insults from the Junkers and robberies by the Spartacists in the Hohestrasse. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* paint lurid pictures of the downtrodden and starving Rhinelander watching with resentful eyes and threatening gestures the riotous feasting and luxury of the Rhineland Commission, and tell stories of Allied officers "swimming in Rhineland's champagne."

"Siegfried" By H. L. OAKLEY

THE average Britisher would certainly sooner treat German "champagne" in that way than use it as the Rhinelander does, for "internal consumption——." "Sparkling Vintage Saccharine" is one of the kindest names given it in messes. Even if our generals should order a few gallons daily for the morning tub the only Rhinelanders interested would be the string of bowing and smiling head-waiters who would accompany it to the door. The "Sanctions" themselves failed to upset the pleasant routine of our lives, and, on the fateful night when the London Conference broke up, Herr Blum's excellent orchestra and the German waiters helped to make the British garrison's usual Monday evening dance at the Officers' Club as successful as ever. Let the indignant of either nationality talk of Nero and fiddles, we—and the Rhinelanders—can retort with Wellington before Waterloo or Drake on the Hoe. The presence in the ballroom of the Navy, who that very night under terrific (?) fire achieved the Capture of Düsseldorf makes the latter defence peculiarly apt.

By H. L. OAKLEY

"Sparkling Vintage Saccharine"

NOR do we find German opera repulsive because German politicians are obdurate. It was after a recent performance of *Siegfried* that a Britisher overheard a bespectacled German Wagnerian explaining to his niece:

"The 'Ring' is an allegory, Gretelein. There was a great treasure hidden in the Rhineland, of which the daughters of that country made little use till the industrious Niebelungen from Prussia worked on it deep in the bowels of the earth, brought it sparkling to the surface, and, feeding it to their furnaces, tried with its aid to gain the mastery of the world, forswearing human affection in their greed of power. But the gods of the day resolved to possess themselves of this stolen wealth. Now, Wagner, my dear, wrote his trilogy many years ago, placing the action in the remote ages, yet only to-day have the *Entente*, the rulers of our destiny, marched towards the Ruhr, where lies the coal which is the treasure of Rhineland. The last day of the 'Ring,' Greta, is the 'Götterdämmerung'—the twilight of the gods, when the Rhine shall get back its treasure—perhaps you will live to see this."

IF German subtlety can make such use of Wagner's masterpiece there may be something in the dictum that "Every German play is German propaganda."

ERIC GORDON

# An Exhibit of Distinction

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"FLORA." BY J. J. SHANNON, R.A.

# Very

"COOK'S SCO

# Bracing!

BY WILMOT LUNT

OTCH TOURS"

# THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

MES AMIS—

IT has now become most unsafe to be the friend of the lovers. That is, unless one is prepared to be the friend at the distance. And that is really not the friend at all, for one does never know what to write in letters to the lovers. But, after all, it is the most of people who have the belief that their life is among those which are the valuable, and they are certainly not desirous to sacrifice it for the sake of lover friends who mix up with their affections the employment of the little Browning. The little revolver, all in silver and so often with jewels in the butt, is a pretty thing to look upon, but one does lose all sense of the beauty when one is in the zone *de feu*, as so many friends of lovers have recently been. For it does seem possible to become the habit that the lovers shall mark the progress of their *affaires de cœur* with the bullets from the little, or sometimes the big, Browning. And as it is the habit of the lover to forget all the other things except the one which is the dominant, he or she does completely forget the intimate friends who are "within the range." In the most recent case it has not even been the social friends, but the business friends,

## Love and the Little Browning

who have felt the rain of the bullets from a little Browning, but it has, fortunately, been that the bullets have been so small that they have not done the serious harm to the friends of the attacked one.

IT has been the wife of a jewel-dealer who has, with the tragic air, made her way into the café where the jewel-dealers meet, and without to seem to see any other persons there has fired the six little bullets at her husband. At the first sound of bang all of the other dealers have got down behind their chairs and dashed away, after to take the precaution, of course, to snatch their little cases of the gems from off the tables. They have not all been enough quick to make the complete escape, but it has appeared that the pellets have not really been very dangerous. That is the one advantage, from the point of view of the friends of lovers, of the new addition to the *sac-à-main* of the fashionables. Even in the serious affair of the revolver the ladies must have something that is pretty. This is why the Browning of the *sac-à-main* is more of the ornament than the peril.

"With the tragic air"

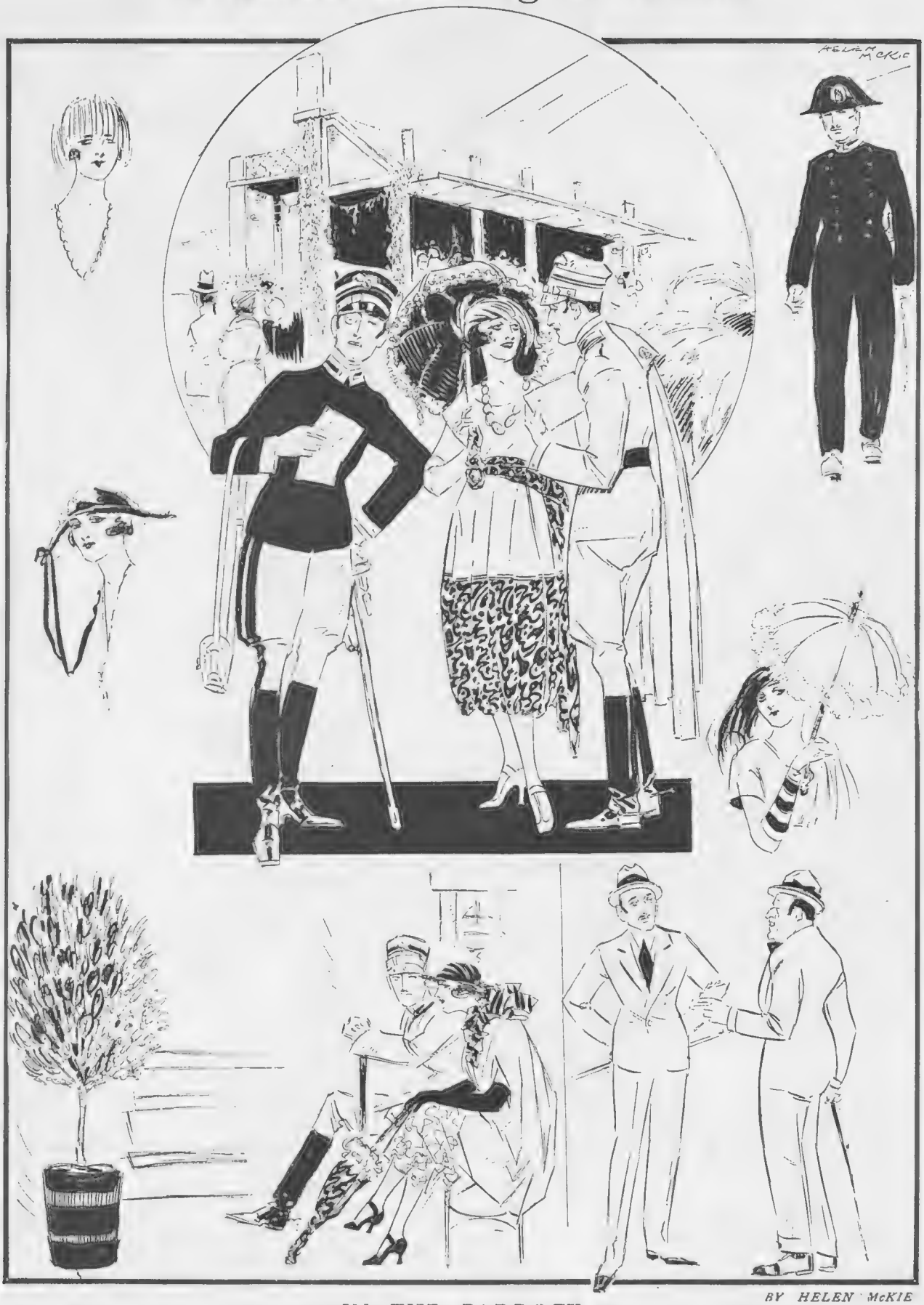
BUT it has not been in all the cases that has been employed the pretty weapon of the bag of vanity. There has been the instances in which a doctor, a typist, and the lover of a teller of the fortunes are *tombés sur le champ d'honneur de l'amour*. And it is this serious part of the habit of revolvers which does make it needed to be careful not to have the lovers among your friends. It has quite the likeliness to become the rule that the smallest quarrel of the lovers who do take themselves seriously shall have the point of settlement in the revolver. And it does not in the least matter if it is at the home or in the street and in the presence of the friends or the passers-by. There has been a time when one has said it is the love which makes the world go round. But this habit of the Browning is in the direction of the extinction.

"A pretty thing to look upon"

AND there is also another habit which does every day more develop in Paris which is in the direction of the extinction. This one is among the drivers of the taxis. One

(Continued on page 400)

# A Race-Meeting at Rome




BY HELEN McKIE

## IN THE PADDOCK

Italians, especially the Romans, are enthusiastic race-goers, and meetings twice a week have been held in Rome. Our artist, just returned from the smiling south, gives impressions from the paddock, peopled by the *vraie élégante* of Roman society in bewitching frocks and brilliant uniforms

## THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

does not know if it is due to the Grande Guerre that all the habits now of the days have the object to put the end to the life. It does not seem possible to find one which has the other object. Certainly it does appear that the desire of the drivers of the taxis is not to put you to your destination, but to give you the short cut to the other world. One is not quite clear whether the chauffeurs have the wish to get quickly away from this one, or whether it is the new form of the Bolshevism of which they are the strong supporters. But there is one thing that is positive, which is that all the restraints which have been up to now attempted have not had the least sign to produce a check. There has been the Prefect of Police, who has had painted the *bandes rouges* across the boulevards, which the drivers have been supposed to cross at the "dead slow." But the taxi-men have rubbed out the red paint with the wet tyres. There have been the policemen on the point-duty who have held back the *gens trop pressés* with the *batons blancs*. But they have had to remain on the boulevards, so the chauffeurs have taken the way of the back-streets, and have driven even faster than ever in order to compensate for the detour.

"The four hops . . . ."

ONE has felt that a personal appeal to a driver who has mistaken himself for an aeroplane hopping from street to street could have something of the influence. It has not been the case. I have made the trial for the sake of the friends from cautious London. It has had the result just the contrary to what one has hoped. When I have explained that one of the party has had the troubles of the heart the chauffeur has pretended to have the sympathy. And as soon as he has got out of the short streets he has put on the topmost of the speeds. There has been one moment when we have shaken the hands and said the good-byes. It has been in the Place de la Concorde when the fiend at the wheel has discovered that the holes made by the guns captured by General Mangin have been filled in. He has seemed to bound from the Pont de la Concorde to the Rue de Rivoli in four hops. It is certain that he has taken the corner from the obelisk to the gate of the Tuileries on a single wheel. It has been too much for the hearts of the friends from London who have not had the training. So when another hop has landed us by the Jeu de Paume one has tapped at the window and has paid up the *recordman*. It has been remembered that there are advantages about the Métro.

"The picturesque scene"

AND yet, in the spite of the craze for the speed which does seem much more fitted for New York than for Paris, it has not been possible to crush out the chivalry of the days of knights and tournaments. I have seen but yesterday a most delightful illustration. There has been a gentleman in a single-seater runabout, who, while to pass along the Rue de la Paix, has seen a lady who has his respectful affection. He has at once stopped his car, has executed the difficult task to stand up in the tiny space with his hat in the hand, and has waited there until the lady has crossed the road and put one dainty foot upon the step. Then he has most graciously kissed the languidly extended hand and made an obeisance.

ALL this time the taxis and the limousines have been piling up the Place Vendôme, at the corner of which has occurred the *scène pittoresque*. But not one chauffeur has spoiled the incident by so much as to sound the hooter. And when the friends of the courtly old manners have said the good-bye, all those who have been the witnesses have appeared to feel the better for the lesson of remembrance. There is not any other city in the world where such an incident could occur, is it not?

ROLAND

# Our Peace-Time Air Force

*BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. G. O. BEUTTLER*

## INTENSIVE BALLOON MANUFACTURE

**The announcement in the public Press that the R.A.F. Balloon Section has been disposed of is without foundation. That highly-trained body of men is still very usefully engaged**

# "Those Come Hither, Come Hither, Eyes"

*Photograph* *Yevonde*

MISS IVY TRESMAND

Who is now playing in "Sybil," that really musical production at Daly's. Miss Tresmand distinguished herself in "Just Fancy," a recent revue at the Vaudeville Theatre

# CHARITY

BY JOHN HUNTER

"I FORBID you to go to him!" Helen Carruthers heard the words over and over again as the rocking taxi carried her towards Park Lane; saw the speaker, half raised in his bed, his eyes blazing unquenchable hate and defiance, his livid face contorted with pain. Yet she was going to this man her husband had said she was not to see.

She found him in his great panelled room overlooking the Park, surrounded by his books; his desk a thing of beauty and worth the ransom of a king; the carpet beneath his feet soft as the down of a fairy's bed; a great man, with heavy shoulders and a huge jaw, and little white hands like a woman's.

The room was silent save for the gentle ticking of a clock Versailles had known when Louis was king.

"So you have come?"

That was all his greeting, and she inclined her head.

"It is about my husband," she said softly.

"What is your husband to me?"

Her eyes flashed, and her tired face flushed like a girl's.

"You have broken him, smashed him on the wheel of your financial operations! That is what he is to you!"

Roger Monroe eyed her steadily. Even in early middle age she was still a wonderful woman, carrying herself like a queen, and the lines which worry and anxiety had stamped about her eyes and mouth could not detract from the beauty of her face. A cold rage drummed in his temples.

"Your husband has only got what has been coming to him ever since the day he married you."

There was almost scorn in her eyes as she stared at him, scorn which she mastered and covered by an obvious effort.

"You don't mean that, Roger!"

Monroe laughed. It chilled her.

"I mean it; every word." He leaned forward, his jaw set like a granite headland. "All this,"—waving his hand about the luxurious room—"is nothing; this house; my yacht; the oilfields; my place in Scotland; nothing! They have come along in the natural course of things, but I have not worked for them. The thing I have striven for, the thing I have given my life to, happened three weeks ago to-day, when Wen Sung Concessions were smashed by me and Harold Carruthers was ruined. Do you wish me to speak more plainly?"

The woman swayed on her feet. The force of Monroe's words was like a blow. She spoke with an effort.

"Harold Carruthers was not the only man who was ruined when Wen Sung Concessions broke," she faltered.

Monroe laughed. "He was the only man who counted with me. The others"—he shrugged his his mighty shoulders—"I am afraid they did not count. Aren't you glad you married him instead of me?"

Her hands clenched until the nails dug deep into the tender palms of them. How she kept down the boiling seething flood of her righteous anger she never knew. Her voice was curiously steady as she answered.

"Harold is very ill, Roger. He . . ., His left lung is weakened. There is no organic disease—yet. The last six months has been a time of insufferable mental and physical strain, long hours, no exercise, financial worry." She stepped forward involuntarily, her eyes gone pitiful, her proud figure drooping ever so slightly.

"You can picture it, Roger. Day after day, the fight against an enemy in the dark, seeing things go wrong, striving to set them right, meeting at all points something strong and resistful, a power unseen, which drove him down and down. It was only on the day the market failed that he knew who had done it, who had bludgeoned Wen Sung Concessions to the dust."

Monroe's eyes glinted with a smile. The picture was one after his own heart. In blood and tears he had paid for that jilting which was as fresh in his memory as though it had been yesterday. The knowledge warmed even his cold heart.

"And now he is very ill, Roger." Helen Carruthers's voice was pleading and broken. "The doctor says he must have six months in the south of France, in Madeira, Rhodesia, anywhere where health can be had for the taking. And we have no money."

Monroe stared at her arrogantly.

"Well?"

She bit her lip, and her face was like snow, her eyes just swimming pools of shamed agony.

"I have come to ask if you would lend me some. It would be a little thing to you."

Monroe sat back. This was the hour of his triumph, the moment he had seen in his dreams during all the years that Helen had been married to Harold Carruthers, and he had lived alone in the vast mansion his riches had bought in London's wealthiest thoroughfare.

He shook his head, and his face was like a mask, save for the glint of his eyes.

A little cry escaped the woman's lips.

"Roger—it . . . is murder! It means his death. Roger! Haven't you done enough! You have had your pound of flesh. See! I humble myself before you! I beg from you! Isn't it sufficient?"

"It is the thing I have waited for." There was a note in Monroe's voice which startled her. "And my answer is no! There is NOTHING"—she shuddered at the emphasis on the word—"you could do or offer me which would make me change it."

The room spun at that, twirled round with a great circling rush, and Helen Carruthers kept her feet with an effort. She tried to speak, failed, and in the silence of her failure a man-servant came to the door.

"The Reverend Arthur Middleton, sir. He asks for five minutes, and says it is to do with the

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"CHARITY" (*concluded*)

International Charity, to which you promised to subscribe."

Monroe looked at Helen, and saw her face change. He wondered why her eyes hurt him and made him want to shrink from her.

"I will go." Her voice was like ice. "You will want to attend to this . . . charity."

She passed the Reverend Arthur Middleton in the hall, and that youthful cleric likened her to a woman of stone.

. . . . .

Monroe wrote the cheque laboriously, and signed it with the heavy signature which all financial London knew and respected. The amount it represented was a thousand pounds. To Monroe the sum was as a penny spent on a newspaper; yet half of it would have saved Harold Carruthers's life, and made whole the heart of a good woman.

The Reverend Arthur Middleton took the little pink slip with an appropriate expression of gratitude, and for a moment he looked at the donor. Monroe drummed his thin white fingers on the plate-glass desk top. This giving of great sums to charity was part of his game. Power, always power, was the thing he strove for, and the insertion of his name high up in the subscription lists of important charities was a step in the right direction. One day a title would come to him. There would be Parliament. . . . And he had millions, and a wonderful ability. He saw himself as a man who might make decisions which would alter history. Other men had done it.

He dismissed the clergyman curtly. Middleton sometimes made him feel uncomfortable, for about the man was a boyish directness of speech and look which was more penetrating than the swift glance of the man of the world. He remembered, in a detached way, that Middleton had won a V.C. during the War by some particularly heroic action at Passchendaele.

. . . . .

The months passed, and the mighty wheel of Monroe's finances revolved continuously, turning minted money into his coffers, crushing all who stood in its path.

And no word came to him of Carruthers.

At the end of four months the Reverend Arthur Middleton called, and was shown into the great panelled room where Helen Carruthers had trodden her pride in the dust.

"Do you want another cheque?"

Middleton shook his head, and looked momentarily uncomfortable. At last he stared straight into Monroe's eyes.

"No, thank you," he said. "Not at present. But it is about a cheque that I have called. The last one you gave me."

"What?" Monroe leaned forward slightly, and wondered at the indefinable chill which had touched him.

"When I got outside your house on that occasion," continued Middleton. "I met a lady—she had waited for me to come out—and she told me a story."

Monroe nodded, and his great face was a little white.

"I took her home, for she seemed broken and likely to collapse, and my mother looked after her. Afterwards, I verified what she had said, and the committee I represent interviewed her."

Middleton paused, and when he resumed there was a tense hard note in his voice which thrilled Monroe.

"This lady repeated her story to my committee, and with it she put forward an argument which was so strong, and so appealing, that it lost all semblance of supplication and became a righteous demand which it was beyond our power to refuse. The cheque you had given me was voted to her in its entirety. It seemed only just—her husband's money. She took her husband to Rhodesia."

Once again Middleton paused, and the room was silent, save for the ticking of the priceless clock, and the staccato thuds of Monroe's fingers on the great sheet of glass.

"My mother heard from her last week." Middleton's voice was very soft. "Her husband is better than ever he has been in his life, and has been fortunate enough to find a new and most promising opening for his engineering talents. She tells my mother there is to be a baby. . . . . after all these long years."

Monroe got to his feet, and walked to the window, gazing unseeing at the sunlit splendour of the Park.

His money! It had saved her husband. The committee had thought it only just. . . . A child! He felt the old fierce resentment thrum in his temples, but under it a steady current of curious satisfaction. In spite of himself, the money had done some good; in spite of his efforts, his revenge had been blunted and turned aside. She was a clever woman. He admitted it without reserve. She had guessed the object of Middleton's visit, and had waylaid him. The irony of it made Monroe wince.

He wheeled to the shadows of the sombre room.

The clergyman had gone. The room was empty and dark, and in it Monroe saw, typified, his life. Yet there was a strange peace in it.

JOHN HUNTER

HARRY WOOLLEY

**THE GOLFER TAKES UP CROQUET**

"'Fore you fool"

# Overheard at the Royal Military

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

FAIR PARISIENNE: "What are all zese seats?"
HER ESCORT: "The stands!"

# An Ancient "Woodcut"

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

YE HANGING COMMITTEE

# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

DEAR, darling Father Bernard Vaughan. . . . I wonder what on earth we should do without him in this decadent England of to-day? Or in heaven for that matter — but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

卐 卐

LIFE, you know, does get rather weary and dreary and disgruntled now and then these days, doesn't it, what with railway rows and trade troubles and shipping crises and Irish *impasses*, and all the rest of it? No one knows quite where he is, and probably wouldn't care to be there if he did know, and more than sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and it's a very exceptionally brave heart that ventures to look to the morrow.

卐 卐

SO, anyway, the mere ordinary pessimistic person of common daily life informs us. We are on the edge of a precipice, it seems. Prices and wages still go on going up, without the slightest justification or foundation in the way of real national prosperity—result, according to all the best prophets, being inevitable and complete ruin sooner or later, and probably sooner.

"To be extracted from his honest but poverty-stricken pockets"

卐 卐

SOME five million workers have been affected by the coal stoppage, which, as some one's put it, must rank as the most disastrous incident of the kind in the whole of England's history. Industry has been paralysed. . . . The list of unemployed has gone up by thousands daily. . . . Meanwhile there are also those perpetual and evergrowing plagues of the poor but honest householder—rates and taxes. The L.C.C. alone is demanding an extra million pounds to be extracted from his honest but poverty-stricken pockets.

卐 卐

WE are a nation, it appears, of ruined persons, whose sovereigns are worth about eight-and-sixpence, whose food and clothes and amusements grow ever dearer and dearer, and even their very means of getting about from place to place in danger of being abolished and wiped right out of the calendar if they don't take care and behave themselves and acknowledge the superior rights and claims of their lords and masters, the men who do the real work of the world (*vide* Labour Members' speeches)—at, of course, a (constantly increasing) price.

EVEN our holidays have been done down, or, anyway, cut down, or affected one way or another by the calamity of the coal disagreement—that surely could have been fixed up long ago if only both sides had been prepared to admit that there was something to be said *for* both sides. After all, we're all cutting our own as well as each other's throats, aren't we? *and* playing right into the hands of the foreigner, when we have these stub born and obstinate trade disputes about wage - and - hour questions which could, I'm perfectly sure, be settled on quite friendly as well as businesslike grounds if only there was more give-and-take about the business.

卐 卐

AFTER all, all the best and most important things of life depend on concessions, making allowances, compromise in fact, don't they? Hard and fast lines and rules of conduct spell ruin, for instance, in any of the big things, like love and marriage, compared with which the greatest strike that ever was is just a silly squabble and a mere pointless dispute over the things that don't really matter.

卐 卐

HARD life, isn't it? Trade and business side of which seems full of pitfalls and troubles and all

"If only there was more give and take about the business"

sorts of meannesses and quarrels from start to finish. While, on the other side, there's something to be said, too, I suppose, for the Somerset Maugham aphorism in his witty and amusing *The Circle* at the Haymarket that "there's no more lamentable pursuit than a life of pleasure." For pleasure's sake only, of course.

卐 卐

HARD, too, isn't it, to find a real philosophy of life—as one does, perhaps, feel rather inclined to try and do something these spring days, when life seems so more alive and insistent and challenging, somehow, than at any other time of year. "It's no use," says one philosopher, Sir Philip Gibbs by name, in his *Back to Life*, which is the newest, and, perhaps, most intriguing book of this most thoughtful of commentators on the War that was. . . . "It's no use fighting against the injustice and brutality of life. Stupidity, ignorance, barbarity, will continue among the multitude. All that any of us can do is to tackle some good job that lies at hand, and keep his own soul bright and fearless."

"The Royal Tournament starts at Olympia"

卐 卐

WHICH is what you might call a somewhat negative, however gallant and excellent, philosophy—like Virginia Woolf's in her *Night and Day*, that she crystallises in the words, "Who knows where we are bound for, or why, or who has sent us or what we shall find—who knows anything, except that love is our faith . . . love?" Though that's hardly quite negative exactly, when you come to think of it, is it?

卐 卐

BUT to return to Father Bernard, whom, I'm afraid, we'd rather wandered away from, though never, of course, forgotten. Always such a sane and bracing influence, isn't he, in these days, when all sorts of people have all sorts of silly new ideas? Not like the old Victorian times, when, as he remarks, "Society was, anyhow, respectable, decent, and God-fearing." Whereas now—alas! now we are "cynical, flippant, satirical, and irreligious," and no longer regard marriage as "a divine institution set up by the Almighty for the due development of the character, and for the purposes which He has in view with regard to the propagation of the race. . . ."

"Cintra gave a very delightful show of most artistic gowns"

WELL, well, and also, what, what? Let's thank Heaven, anyway, for our Father Vaughan, and our Divorce Court Judges, who are much too aloof and unspotted from the world to know what words like "umpteen" could possibly mean.

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PARLIAMENT'S "up" till next week, and even among lesser persons than our legislators the holiday feeling still prevails—in spite of the unfortunate circs. which have made Whitsun travelling so much more expensive, as well as limited, than usual. Haven't been away myself because of—what do you think?—the sad illness of the one and only surviving dragon dog.

卐 卐

BUT, after all, life's full of heart-breaks, isn't it? and one's just got to carry on somehow just the same if one's going to carry on at all. Said process being much and materially assisted by new spring hats *and* frocks, latest models whereof are now on view at all and sundry of the best hat merchants and frock-mongers. Among the latest of which latter, by the way, is "Cintra," otherwise Mrs. John Fortescue, wife of the King's Librarian, who gave a very delightful show of most artistic gowns at her lovely Hampstead home last week.

卐 卐

AND in other ways, too, spite of crises and things, we seem to be carrying on even in these most troubled and troublous times. The theatres appear to be still visited occasionally, in spite of the gloom that trade slumps and coal stoppages have cast upon all the pursuits of pleasure here in England now. Dances—though a few of the more private ones have been cancelled—go merrily on, especially such as have a really perfectly good "good works" excuse, like the Boy Scout one that's to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on the 31st—the eve of Derby Day.

卐 卐

AND the Royal Tournament starts at Olympia this week, and polo and things are going strong, and the first Davis Cup match between England and Spain's to come off at the London Country Club at Hendon next week as ever is. We're *going* to have a season somehow, whatever happens and whenever it happens—anyway, until it *does* happen.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

# THE WISDOM OF ÆSOP

The Tongue successfully engineered discontent by pointing out to the Hands and the Feet that they did all the work while the Belly most greedily and unfairly took all the nourishment and did nothing. Accordingly the Hands and the Feet agreed, on the suggestion of the Tongue, that the Belly should be starved into doing its proper share. By direct action they stopped supplies.

In a few days the Hands and the Feet became listless and could do nothing. As the result of a further consultation they decided to appeal to the Brain. The Brain advised the other members that the Tongue had given very bad counsel; that in fact the Belly was the one member that worked day and night so that the body could perform all its functions properly. By the consent of all the other members the Tongue was reprimanded and told that it must consult with the Brain before speaking, or else remain silent.

This moral does not, surely, need much pointing. The Communistic Tongue is trying to starve the Belly, i.e. the Community. It is to be hoped that the help of the Brain will be called in before the body perishes on account of the evil advice of the Communistic Tongue.

. . . . . .

We are going either to live together or die together.

The former alternative is the more pleasing.

**Haig & Haig**

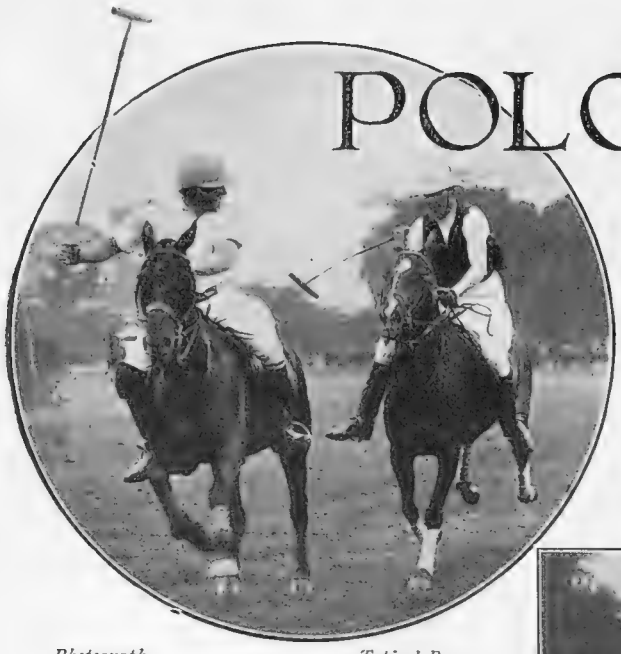
think it is much more important to get this fable of Æsop's restated publicly than to speak of the goods that they live by selling.

*¶ We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of Whisky so that there is a loss on each case sold in the Home Market.*

HAIG & HAIG Ltd. (Distillers since 1679), 57, SOUTHWARK ST. LONDON, S.E. 1.

# POLO - NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN



*Photograph* *Topical Press*

**TRIAL MATCH AT RANELAGH**

**Devereux Milburn, the American Captain, keeping off an English player at the preliminary trial game at Ranelagh**

### Major Lockett's Troubles

IT takes a good deal to cause Major Vivian Lockett to wear a worried look, but last week he confessed to the appearance of one grey hair as the result of International team troubles, and he was hourly expecting another to appear! The task of team-building has not proved easy. Major Lockett has seen his original notions as to the best team for England gradually crumple up, so that now, within a month of the date of the first International match, he is as far off from forming his ideal combination as he was twelve months ago. Since I wrote an article on the International situation in these pages last week further problems have arisen. Neither Captain Williams nor Lord Dalmeny has come up to expectations in the latest trials, nor is Captain Turnor quite up to the high standard which is essential for International polo.

### Two Certain Starters

I SHOULD not like to venture a prophecy now as to how the England team will be eventually composed. The two certainties appear to be Colonel Tomkinson and Major Lockett. The latter has done well in all the trial games, and could not possibly be left out of the team. But whether he is so good at No. 3 as he is at back is still questionable. I am not altogether satisfied that he is an ideal captain in the field. Certainly he does not compare favourably in this direction with Mr. Buckmaster. Colonel Tomkinson's chief weakness seems to be lack of accuracy in goal-hitting. This is where the Americans look like having a great advantage over our men. On the other hand Tomkinson is an immense worker, and in a recent game at Ranelagh he proved quite capable of holding his own with the redoubtable "Dev." Milburn. I think, therefore, that we must have Tomkinson in England's forward line again.

*Photograph* *Topical Press*

**ENGLAND *v.* FREEBOOTERS**

**A race for the ball during a chukker at the International practice match at Roehampton**

*Photograph* *Photo Press*

**MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL**

**At Ranelagh last week, where several games of absorbing interest took place. The match between the 1st and 2nd Lifeguards, as, indeed, were the rest, was played to assist the selection committee in their choice of the team to meet America**

### Is "Buck" Too Old?

OF course, many difficulties would be solved if Mr. Buckmaster could be prevailed upon to turn out in England's team. But when I talked the matter over with him a week ago he suggested that he was too old for the great physical strain which the International matches place upon the contestants. It was obvious that he would prefer to see a younger man take the place which is open for him. "Buck" was born in 1872, and was a prominent figure in polo a quarter of a century ago. You can understand, therefore, his diffidence in engaging in the big games. But nobody except himself is of the opinion that he is too old for the job, and we should all be delighted if he could be persuaded to captain our men as he did in 1902. This season Mr. Buckmaster has been playing as well as ever, and there is still no greater No. 3 in this country. Lord Wodehouse's indisposition makes him a doubtful starter next month, but in this case there is an excellent substitute available in the person of

(*Continued on page 412*)

*From George the Third*
*To George the Fifth*
*One hundred years long*
*Born 1820. Still going strong.*

JOHNNIE WALKER TRAVEL SERIES. NO. 23.—ARGENTINA

RANCHER: "Hold him tight, Johnnie Walker, or he will stampede the cattle."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Don't worry. No one ever runs away from me."

**Guaranteed same quality all over the world**

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

*POLO NOTES (concluded)*

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Hunter. Meanwhile the Americans are doing well, and the general impression is that they are not far behind the quality of the famous Big Four. A. W. C.

# RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

### Leighton and the Derby

THOSE who have backed Leighton for the Derby were much relieved to hear the satisfactory result of his gallop with Sprig of Orange and others at Lambourn last week. All sorts of rumours to the detriment of the colt had been floating around, and things looked very ominous on the day when the colt touched 10 to 1 in the betting. Harry Cottrill was prompt to contradict the report that there was anything wrong with the colt. Still, people quoted the old saying that there is no smoke without fire, and altogether Leighton's army of supporters were not free from misgivings. His trial showed him to be in good fettle. He won the gallop in attractive style, and at once became firmer in the market.

### The Manton Colts

WE shall not see either of the cracks before the Epsom meeting. Alec Taylor was well advised in taking no chances with Craig an Eran last week. To have sent him for the Newmarket Stakes would have meant two long journeys. It took twenty-four hours to get him back to Manton after the Guineas. There was also the hard ground to be feared. You will remember that the same race was responsible for Sunstar's breakdown. What is more, the Manton stable had a good substitute in Lemonora. It struck me that this colt did not much like the descent of the hill into the Dip. If I am correct in this surmise Lemonora may be handicapped by the downhill work which comes in the race for the Derby. However, he galloped up the rising ground at Newmarket like a lion, and there could be no question of his superiority to the rest of the field.

### Outside Chances

WHETHER Alan Breck will make the expected improvement remains to be seen. Mr. Gilpin has plenty of good tackle with which to gallop the colt, and he is likely to give him a formal trial next week. I shall not be surprised if Humorist does better at Epsom than he did at Newmarket, for he is just of the right build for the course, but I shall stick to the Manton colts to beat him again.

### Manchester Cup

IT had been decided when these lines were written to proceed with the Manchester meeting this week. There should be a fine race for the Cup on Friday. Last year's winner, Pomme-de-Terre, has proved himself a great horse over this course, and is by no means impossibly handicapped now. I expect we shall again find him having something to do with the finish. Comrade's chance must obviously be respected. I do not set much store by his failure in the Champion Stakes last autumn, for he had only recently got back from France, and in my view had not properly recovered from the journey. With that exception Comrade has never been beaten. Silvern is sure to be well supported on the strength of his success at Newmarket last week. On that form he seems to have an advantage over Bracket.

By "THE TOUT"

**SIR JAMES BUCHANAN, Bart.**

**With his trainer, Mr. P. P. Gilpin, watching Alan Breck being "asked a question." The owner of Santry, Black Sand, Hurry On, and others, Sir James is one of the finest sportsmen that ever stepped over the Border and has stuck to the game in spite of bitter disappointments**

### Well Handicapped

ONE of the competitors that have been nicely treated by the compiler of the weights is Braishfield. Silvern was originally set to give him 10lb., yet for a mile and a half in the St. Leger there was nothing to choose between them. You cannot possibly leave the Manton colt out of calculations. Dunkirk is another whose treatment cannot be complained of. Look up his form at Salisbury last summer, and you will agree. Then there is Lord Quex, who was looking particularly well when I saw him on the Heath last week. My selection is **Comrade**, and I shall take BRAISHFIELD as a second string.

### An Interesting Sprint

ON the following day the Salford Borough Handicap will be an interesting problem. It is a long time since we saw Roman Bachelor on the racecourse, but he is known to be very speedy, and may have to be reckoned with here. It appears to me, however, that Mr. Cottrill has a good chance of following up the successes he has already gained in this race with Irish Elegance and Western Wave. His runner on Saturday will be **Dissolved**, and I look for his success.

## A "Monkey" for 3d.

COLONEL. Well, boys, you can plunge on mine Wednesday. I've tried it to win easily and it will be a good price. You know I don't say this sort of thing without being sure of my ground.

SIR EDWARD. No, I remember last time you told us to back one of yours, and it simply rolled in at 8's. I wired 50 "each way," so I'm not likely to forget.

COLONEL. Good! So you cleared 500 of the best?

SIR EDWARD. Not much, old top. My man said the wire "never reached him," and according to his rules, there was "no.hin' doin'."

LORD BOB. Teddy, my boy, I thought you knew better. You should have wired it to my man, Douglas Stuart, then even if the wire were "lost" a simple "Certified copy" of the telegram, costing threepence, would have been sufficient, and you'd have got your cheque for 500 Monday. "*Fancy a 'Monkey' for Threepence.*"

COLONEL. Well, make up for it Wednesday, but be sure you send it to "Duggie."

*Write to-day and Open a CREDIT ACCOUNT with*

# DOUGLAS STUART

***Member of ALL Principal Sporting Clubs***

**NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.**

# SPORTS & PASTIMES

*Photograph* *Special Press*

H. L. COLLINS.

**Who scored 162 for the Australians on their first appearance in London against Surrey whom they beat by an innings and 55 runs. He usually goes in first with W. Bardsley**

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES

### Hand to Mouth Finance

It has recently transpired that at Antwerp last summer a time came during the progress of the games when certain necessary expenses had to be incurred, and when it would have been impossible to carry on if Colonel Kentish, the commandant of the team, and several of his colleagues on the British Olympic Council, had not given their personal guarantee that the various sums required would be forthcoming. It was bad enough that they should have been compelled to save the situation in this fashion; it will be still worse if they have to suffer for their patriotism to the tune of £676, which is the amount involved. The British Olympic Council, on which there are several very influential people, will surely see to it that the matter is put right. Colonel Kentish's experiences will, however, have had one salutary effect. They emphasise the point upon which I have always insisted that the Olympic games in their present form are not for England. If certain practical reforms could be carried out things might be different, but the British public will never subscribe the funds necessary for the running of a team under existing conditions.

## CRICKET

### The Australians

The first two or three matches played by the Australians have furnished several interesting first impressions. One is that they are going to be very popular. Armstrong, a veritable giant, is already a great favourite with the public; so, apparently, are the other three big men of the party, Gregory, Macdonald, and Ryder, whilst Macartney's batting will make him as big a "draw" as our one and only Jack Hobbs. Another thing about the Australians is that you can hardly say that any one of them is a batsman of the mechanical and almost entirely defensive type. Most Australian teams of the past have contained several of these eminently useful, but rather boring, people. But there are no dull dogs among our present visitors. In bowling the side is nothing like as powerful as some of its predecessors. It strikes one that on the perfect wickets of Australia our team ought to have scored more runs against it than they did. Let us hope that they succeed better at home.

*Photograph]* T. NEWMAN *[Sport and General*

**The billiards champion, whose recent break of 1024, compiled in the course of his match with Lawrence, is the highest on record in ordinary billiards under the existing rules**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

A. A. FYZEE

**The young Indian player who has come right to the front as a lawn tennis player during the past few weeks having beaten amongst others the veteran M. J. G. Ritchie**

## LAWN TENNIS

### Enter the Davis Cup

The hard courts of the London Country Club at Hendon have been chosen as the scene of the first of this year's Davis Cup ties between England and Spain, to be fought on May 23, 24, and 25. This early date is chosen out of regard for the wishes of Spain, and the playing of the tie on hard courts is also a concession to a nation whose players are unused to any other kind of surface. Primarily, the Davis Cup is a grass-court competition, and we should have been within our rights in insisting on playing the tie on grass.

### Riding for a Fall?

In 1919 we made a similar concession to France, and it was suggested at the time that our Davis Cup Committee in so doing

*(Continued on page 416)*

# GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

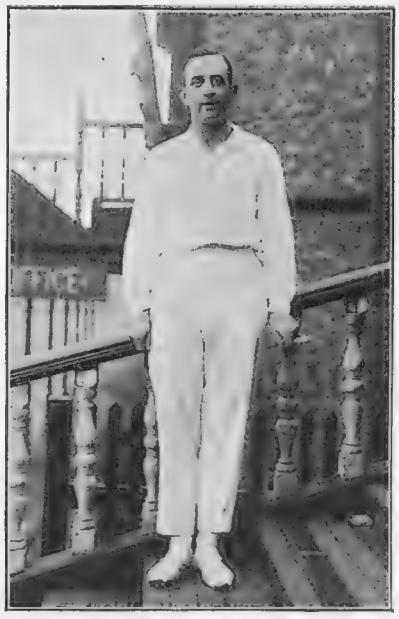
CRICKET REFORM—SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION DURING THE LUNCHEON HOUR

*[The second of an exclusive weekly series which the famous Australian bowler and artist will contribute to "The Bystander" throughout the cricket season]*

were riding for a fall, because even if we beat France our chance of beating Australasia (the then holders) was so small that France might just as well be allowed to see if she could tack'e the job. Be that as it may, our men went to Deauville, took on the Frenchmen on their native sand, and, much to their own surprise and everybody else's, beat them. So that they had to trek to Australia and there take the inevitable licking after all. I have not heard it suggested this time that we are riding for a fall against the Spaniards. We certainly ought to be able to beat them, but we are taking a bit of a risk, for they are by no means to be sneezed at. Their best man, José Alonso, is a fine player; he has competed with distinction in France, and his brother, Manuel Alonso, is not a very great way behind him. I expect that these two will be chosen both for Singles and Doubles, and that the other two, A. Flaquer and Count Gomar, will be regarded as reserves.

### Our Chosen Four

Of our chosen four, W. C. Crawley, if he plays as well on the hard Courts at Hendon as he did on the Covered Courts at Queen's Club, when he all but beat the mighty Gobert, will justify his selection hands down. But ever since he came down from Oxford in 1904 he has been an uncertain quantity, and his selection, because he is now forty-one years old, is perhaps even more of a gamble than it was twelve years ago, when he made his first and—till this year—only appearance in the International arena. F. G. Lowe is his antithesis, quite likely to do well enough for all practical purposes, and very unlikely to come a bad cropper. What is more, I venture to think that the realisation of an ambition which he has long cherished will prove the making of him.

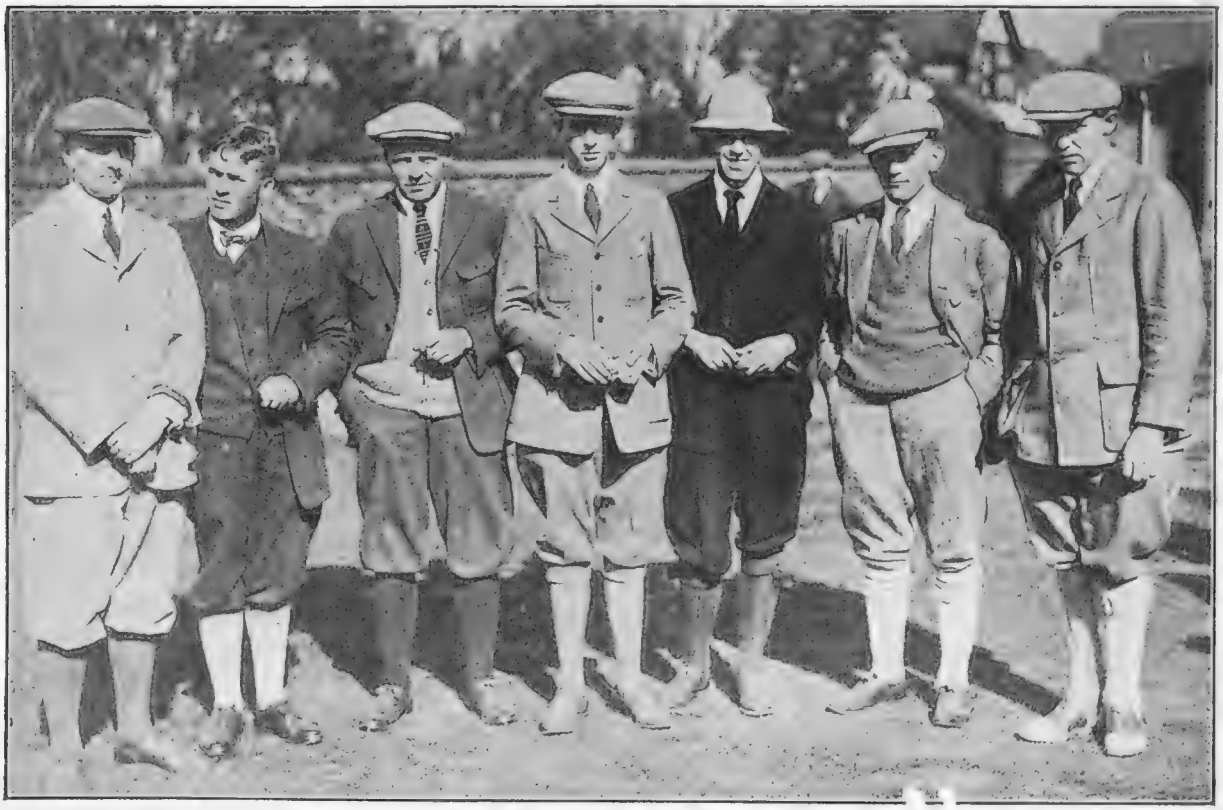


R. LYCETT

**The Australian lawn-tennis player whose selection to play for England in the Davis Cup "creates a precedent." But since he is fully qualified by birth, the Selection Committee could hardly have passed him over**

### Lycett and Woosnam

The only possible ground on which R. Lycett's selection can be objected to is that he is an Australian. But he is qualified (by birth) to play for the Mother Country just as much as other Colonials have been in other branches of sport, and if the Selection Committee passed him over on purely sentimental grounds they would lay themselves open to the charge of not picking the best men available. The choice of Max Woosnam is also eminently sound. A born player of games he possesses the right temperament for a great occasion, and though not absolutely in the front rank at present, may find himself there at any moment. H. S. S.



*Photographs]* OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY *[Sport and General*

**Seven of the American golfers who have come over in force to compete for the British Amateur Championship, which starts at Hoylake on May 23. The other member of the team is Mr. Charles Evans, the present U.S. amateur champion. (Left to right): W. C. Fownes, R. T. Jones, Paul Hunter, Fred Wright, Francis Ouimet, J. Wood Platts, Jesse Guilford. Mr. Fownes, aged 40, is the oldest member of the party. "Bobby" Jones, the boy wonder, is only 19**

*Glasgow Royal Infirmary.*
*Cathedral Square View.*

GREAT HOSPITALS. *(No. 7)*

Glasgow Royal Infirmary was founded in 1791 upon its present site amid historic surroundings. It was recently reconstructed, and has now accommodation for close on 700 patients. At Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, a Convalescent Home, containing 86 beds, is maintained for the Infirmary patients. Owing to the abnormal increase in the cost of maintenance, the Hospital requires additional income of £35,000 per annum. Beds in the Infirmary may be endowed in perpetuity for a donation of £1,250 or upwards. Hon. Treasurer: Timothy Warren, Esq., Writer, 45 West George Street, Glasgow.

**BENGER'S Food**

**From an Eminent Surgeon:** "After a lengthened experience of Foods both at home and in India, I consider Benger's Food incomparably superior to any I have ever prescribed."

—— **M.B., B.C.:** "I have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your Food in the diet of old age, and in dyspepsia and convalescence. I could not do without it in my practice."

—**M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.:** "I am a specialist in diseases in children, and am using Benger's Food extensively in my practice."

**A Lady M.D., etc., writes:**— "Dr. —— considers it invaluable for nursing mothers, especially for taking during the night when an easily assimilated food is required. She is now nursing her own daughter, and uses the Food herself."

**Benger's has proved itself, since first introduced to the Medical Profession over 40 years ago, a power in the hand-rearing of infants, and in feeding the sick, convalescent and the aged.**

Benger's is not a patent food. It is entirely a natural food, so prepared, however, that it actually relieves the human digestion instead of imposing work upon it. Benger's Food, therefore, is able to nourish and sustain in times when digestion is weak.

Such cases occur in infancy, and at that stage of life when children are not progressing; in illness, convalescence, and in old age. Indeed, it is safe to say that wherever there is a case of illness or weakened digestion, from any cause whatsoever, there is a case for Benger's Food.

**With a tin of Benger's Food in the house—and no home is complete without Benger's—a mother is equipped for emergencies.**

*Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*
*Prices*—Size No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6

A BOOK ON INVALID AND INFANT FEEDING, etc., is invaluable in every household. Benger's Food, Ltd., publish a little work of authority dealing with this matter in a plain and interesting manner. A copy will be sent post free on application.

BENGER'S Food
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Depots throughout CANADA.

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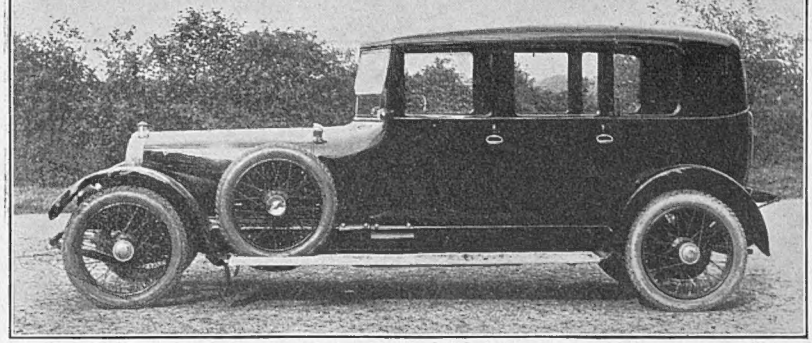
# MOTOR NOTES



**ADMIRABLE FOR TOURING**

**A 40 h.p. Lanchester limousine. The saloon body is capable of seating seven**

Now Whitsuntide is gone and past the motoring season can be stated to be in full swing. And there was some swinging of engines during the past week, too, especially in the charabanc or motor-coach line. Why they do not all follow Mr. S. F. Edge's advice and get impulse-starter magnetos fitted on these and on all small cars where the expense of an engine-starter is too costly I cannot understand. The 8 h.p. Rovers, I believe, are going to, or have made this a standard fitting, and as all it consists of is a clock-like spring that winds up when you turn the engine-starting handle gently, which is released by a pawl and cam revolving the magneto very quickly to give a "fat" spark, it only adds about £3 to the cost. No back-fires and a certain start for half a turn of the starting-handle is well worth that small amount. Perhaps, as manufacturers are beginning to realise that the bulk of the motoring public can only find the cash to buy small cars of about £350 to £450 apiece, this detail will find its place on most of the "light" cars at the next motor show.

* * *

Already we have seen prices reduced, and the generous reduction of the Albert 11.9 h.p. two-seater and four-seater models to £495 has put the sales up so quickly that I hear the Service Motor Company now have quite a respectable waiting list. It is certainly fine value for the money asked, and well worth waiting a fortnight to get one, though, as the factory is working overtime, I expect by the time these lines are in print would-be buyers will be able to get spot delivery. But still more small cars will be available for the public in the near future, for a new 11.9 h.p. Star car is announced on the stocks at Wolverhampton, while Mr. Lionel Martin informed me at the Essex Motor Club meeting at Brooklands a fortnight ago that he has now got the 10 h.p. Aston-Martin car quite right, so will begin to manufacture this autumn for next year's markets. Judging by the way he won his race at Brooklands at 69¾ miles per hour this little car must be a "hot lot."

* * *

Whether the motorist of the future will start with a small car and then graduate to a full-sized one afterwards is a matter of guesswork. All the same, if I could afford a Rolls or a Napier or any other big car I would let the little ones amuse the young folk as much as they like, but I should plump for the larger model myself. People are very apt to lose perspective in regard to motoring matters. Because one states that such-a-one little car is an excellent little bus, folks are apt to imagine this is compared to all sorts and powers of motor carriages. Frankly, it may be excellent for its size and compared with cars of a like power, but it is a poor thing as a road vehicle compared with one of the full-sized makes for

*(Continued on page 420)*

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

Incognito

## STABILIZING PRICES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

OPTIMISM is a virtue to be cultivated. And my optimism lies in the policy of Truth. This unsterilised instrument is the only clean weapon to be used in commerce, politics, love, war, or peace.

In commerce I believe in taking the public into my confidence. Therefore I will state my policy for 1921.

Trade is precarious and unemployment rampant because we cannot trade internationally until the foreign rates of exchange are stabilized, and we cannot trade to any extent internally until the fluctuating markets have reached a fixed level.

That is why I have determined, irrespective of profit or loss, to stabilize the price of West-End Lounge Suits.

To arrive at the irreducible minimum for 1921 it is essential that the public should realise that West-End tailoring labour is double, and the cost of materials is treble that of pre-war. These are facts.

I have fixed my minimum for Lounge Suits at Ten Guineas. At this figure there will be little personal profit to me. This is a fact known by my Chartered Accountants now, and one which will be known by the Inland Revenue later.

At this minimum figure of ten guineas, a comprehensive selection of first quality materials will be offered, and the more expensive worsteds and cashmeres will be sold at twelve to fourteen guineas.

To relieve any uncertainty that may exist, I make the deliberate statement that it will be utterly impossible under any circumstances to produce below these quotations during the ensuing year.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& 60 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

# £750 *Value for Money*

"READY FOR THE ROAD"—IN THE FULLEST SENSE OF THE PHRASE—AND MOUNTED WITH THE FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH COACH-BUILT BODY, CHASSIS PRICE **£550** COMPLETE WITH

C.A.V. Lighting and Starting;
Five Lamps;
Clock;
Speedometer;
4-Speed Gearbox;
Cantilever Suspension;
5 Wheels and Tyres.

**"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"**

*"Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4, '20. "'After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value-for-money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value-for-money'.."—W. H. Berry.*

*The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," Mar. 4, '21. "'After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."*

## THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE

## 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16-h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "value-for-money" policy, which gives its customers the *immediate* benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

*Catalogues and all details from our Head Office, and trial runs arranged.*

TALBOT-DARRACQ

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All good farmers and poultry raisers should keep on hand a stock of

## "ORB" Brand WIRE NETTING

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which is made to meet all requirements in a variety of meshes from ½ to 4 inch, in varying strengths and in widths up to 10 feet.

The "ORB" brand is straight and flat, perfectly free from troublesome and unsightly distortions and can be fixed with the greatest ease. The meshes are all uniform in shape and the netting gives complete satisfaction.

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# *The Fashion for Smart Wrap Cloaks*

*There is a decided fashion for Wrap Cloaks for smart afternoon and evening wear, and in order to meet the demand we have designed a number of these attractive garments, all of which have been adapted from the latest Paris Models. These Wraps are made on the premises by highly skilled workers, and the materials used are well up to that high standard of excellence with which the name of our House has for so many years been associated.*

*Chic Cape on entirely new and original lines. The deep yoke and collar is of best quality satin, with two very full circular cut flounces of stripe Gabardine. In Brown, Navy and Black, and a few light colours. Also in heavy-weight Crepe de Chine with accordion pleated flounces.*

PRICE *8½ Gns.*

*In satin top with lace flounces, Price* **7½ Gns.**

*All Furs purchased during the summer months are stored free of charge in our hygienic storage, where they receive expert care. Special attention is given to all fur renovations and remodelling.*

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*HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.*

"SCARBORO'"

# A Nicoll Serge Suit for 7½ Gns

**"SCARBORO'"**

Although extremely moderate in price, there is nothing "cheap" about this smart Summer Coat and Skirt except—its cost.

It embodies all the best features of the 1921 fashions, and is admirably adapted for Town, Country or Holiday wear.

The materials are 15 oz. Al.-Wool Indigo-dyed Botany Suitings, lined with artificial silk, whilst the workmanship and finish throughout are in every respect worthy of the House of Nicoll.

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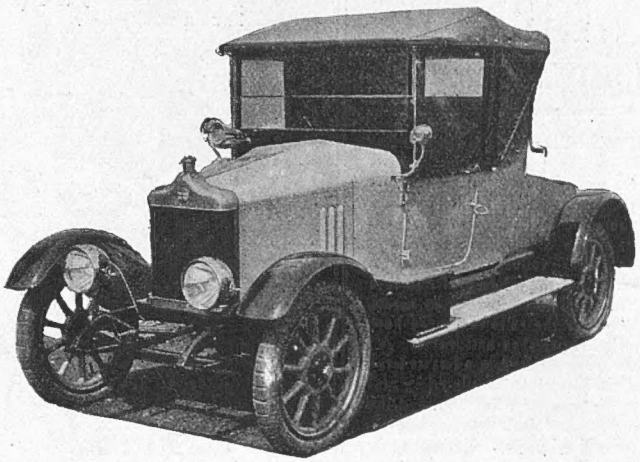
*MOTOR NOTES (concluded)*

comfort and road-speed without fatigue. This is where the big cars will always score, irrespective of their ability to carry more people and bigger loads, and no small car can ever be put in comparison with them, and never should be.

* * *

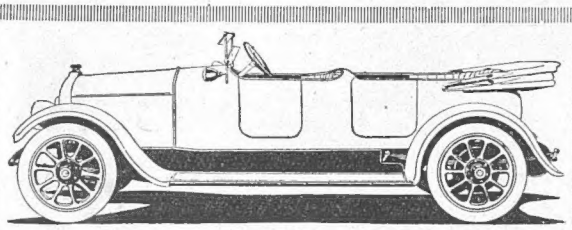
Both the Whitsun meeting at Brooklands and the Motor-Cycle Club's annual reliability trial run from London to Edinburgh attracted record entries and excellent performances. At the former, perhaps, the final race of the day between the Mayback-engined Chitty-Bang-Bang, as Count Zborowski calls his aero-engined car, Mr. J. Hartshorne Cooper's Cooper - Clerget — Clerget aero engine in a Mercédès chassis—the 200 h.p. Sunbeam Arab in a Humber chassis, run by Mr. Philip Rampon, "Cupid" Hornsted driving the Sunbeam twelve cylinder, the "Duff" Fiat, and Mr. Percy Kidner's 1914 Grand Prix Vauxhall for a private sweepstake of £20 apiece showed the true sporting spirit of motor-racing, and one hopes scratch races such as this will take place again. The Bentley "three-litre" car also took part in the previous Essex meeting last Saturday week, but, like Mr. John F. Duff's big Fiat, had bad luck. The latter, by the way, broke the change gear lever in half on starting and cut his hand about trying to get the stump to move. Yet when he had been lapped by his rivals he did get going in fine style, which was very sportsmanlike of him to give the crowd at Brooklands a chance of seeing how a big 'bus can travel when it does get going well. Now the "bookies" have been shifted into a sort of Tattersall's ring at Brooklands the officials found it a much easier task to marshal the big fields for all the eleven races.



**THE OWNER-DRIVER'S CAR**

**A Standard 2-seater, showing the hood and side curtains raised, transforming an open car into a coupé**

On the London to Edinburgh run the Buttertubs pass over the mountains did not upset as many of the 381 competitors as might have been expected. Really, this motor-cycle event has become as big a car contest as for the smaller jiggers, and this year included Rolls-Royces down to cycle-cars like the Cardin—£3,000 to £100 wallahs. I suppose the fascination of driving for twenty-four hours to get a gold medal is a catching disease by this ever-increasing number of entries, but I think it is getting a bit overdone, although the committee of the M.C.C. have stiffened the course and the conditions of the schedule a bit to choke off the awards. Its popularity, however, conveys to me this information: Why does not the Royal Automobile Club institute an annual reliability trial for one, two, or six days? There must be a want for such things by the trade, or else neither the Ealing Club for their London to Holyhead run nor the M.C.C. would get such a wonderful number of entries. Perhaps the Competitors' Committee of the R.A.C. might take note of this. Or are they still too proud to learn? OLD HY.

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| 15 h.p .. .. .. | Chassis .. .. .. | **£795** |
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*Catalogues and all details will be posted on application, and trial runs arranged by appointment.*

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5. **Frown between the Eyes.**
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8. **Outstanding Ears.**
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*Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.*

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

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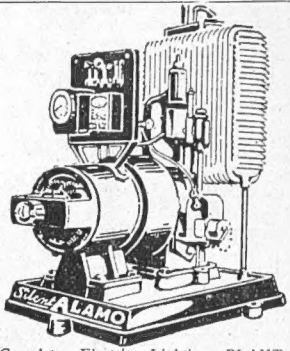


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